SPAWN®

THE DARK AGES

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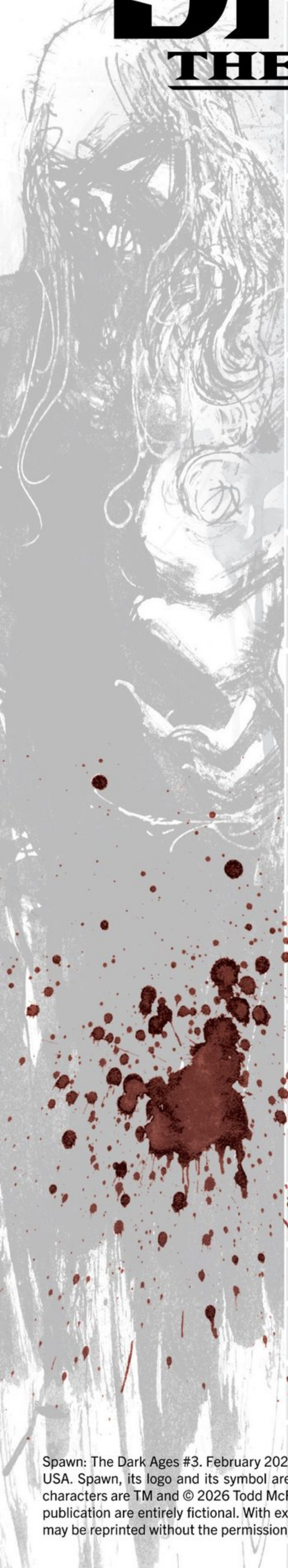

SPAWN®
THE DARK AGES

SCRIPT/PLOT
LIAM McCORMACK SHARP

ART
LIAM McCORMACK SHARP

COLOR
LIAM McCORMACK SHARP

LETTERING
ANDWORLD DESIGN

COVERS
MIKKO COLAK (WITH STEVE CANON) - COVER A AND B

CREATIVE DIRECTOR
TODD McFARLANE

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
THOMAS HEALY

Publishing Coordinator
YVETTE ARTEAGA

Production Artists
RYAN KEIZER
IMANI DAVIS
ZABRIEL KENNEDY

Publisher for
Image Comics/
Chief Creative Officer
ERIC STEPHENSON

SPAWN CREATED BY
TODD McFARLANE

PREVIOUSLY IN *SPAWN: THE DARK AGES*

The Devil Spawn, allied with the Aurelianus clan, pushed back the Saxons, bringing some peace to the realm. However, treachery is still at play and threatening to plunge the land into chaos once more.

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EIFIONYDD, WALES.
SUMMER, 481AD.

ARE YOU NOT PLEASED TO SEE US?

WHAT, YOU HIDE? NO KISSES FOR US?

AH, C'MON! WE'RE ON'Y HERE TO TAKE ***EVERYTHIN'!***

IS THAT SO FECKIN' UNREASONABLE?

HIBERNIANS! FLEE!

AYE, RUN!

YA FECKIN' GOBSHITES!

NOW!

YIELD, HIBERNIANS, OR DIE!

AH, SHITE...

BACK!

BACK, MEN!

IT'S A TRAP SO IT IS!

WELL NOW. WHAT DARK THIRSTS AFFLICT THIS WANTON BLADE?

SHALL WE PUT IT TO THE TEST?

WINCHESTER

GOOD SIR KNIGHT, AND DEAR FRIEND, GENERAL ATILIUS, AND YOU, FATHER KENTIGERN, WHOM SOME CALL SAINT...

I ASK YOU–IN WHAT SACRED AND ROYAL HALL, IN THE VERY WOMB OF THE BLESSED KINGDOM, WAS E'ER IT ARIGHT, AND NOT HIGHEST ***TREASON*** TO ADDRESS YOUR KING ***THUS?***

WHAT SAY YOU?

MY LORD, I...

MOST REVEREND SIRE, PLEASE...

FORGIVE THIS HUMBLE KNAVE WHO SEEKS NO MORE THAN TO SERVE HIS ROYAL GRACE...

GOOD SIR, I PRAY THEE, HEAR OUR WORDS NOT IN ANGER, BUT IN THE ASPECT OF HE WHO IS CHOSEN SERVANT OF THE ***LORD GOD,*** THE FAIREST AND MOST WISE ***KING OF ALL THE BRITONS!***

OURS IS BUT TO ***SERVE...***

AND ALSO, TO ***JUDGE*** SO IT WOULD SEEM!

WHOM THE KING ***BEDS*** IS HIS OWN AFFAIR, NOT FOR IDLE EARS.

MY KING, YOU SAVED ME FROM THE YOKE AND CHATTEL OF SLAVERY, FOR LONG YEARS I HAVE REMAINED STEADFAST BY YOUR SIDE.

WHISPER IT, AND I SHALL DIE TO PROTECT YOU. ALWAYS I WOULD!

INDEED, SIRE.

GENERAL ATILIUS CARES ONLY FOR YOUR IMMORTAL ***SOUL***, WHOM WE BOTH AFEARED MAY BE IMPERILED...

MY ***SOUL***, IS IT?

IN THE CASE OF ATILIUS, I JUDGE IT TO BE SO.

NO BETTER MAN WALKS WITHIN THESE HISTORIED HALLS.

BUT I SENSE IN YOU ***ANOTHER*** GRAVE PURPOSE...

GOOD KING, AURELIANUS, I CAN ASSURE YOU-NAUGHT BUT THE WELL-BEING OF THE CROWN MATTERS TO THE CHURCH.

THE CHURCH ITSELF IS A ***CONQUERING POWER*** BEFORE WHICH MANY A KING TREMBLES!

I HAVE ***SEEN*** IT!

IT MATTERS NOT WHO YOU BED, MY KING.

BUT IN GOD'S NAME, DON'T TURN YOURSELF AWAY FROM CHRIST! I BEG YOU.

THE PAGANS...

...THE ***PAGANS*** HELPED ***REUNITE*** THESE VERY LANDS!

CAN WE BE SO SURE THEIR WAYS ARE NOT BEST SUITED TO US?

THEIR WAYS WERE ***OUR*** WAYS, FOR ALL OF TIME, BEFORE THE ***HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE,*** BANISHED THEM ALL FROM THE WORLD!

NO, NOT TURNÉD CHEEKS NOR GENTLE WAYS, BUT INDEED ***FAITH*** AT THE TIP OF A CALLOUS BLADE, AND SALVATION FOR ALL ASTRIDE A GRAVE, FOR THE FALLEN AND UNREPENTING!

GO, NOW.

I AM ANGERED, AND I NEEDS MUST THINK.

GOOD DAY TO YOU, LORD DREST.

OCH, IS IT REALLY, THOUGH?

IT'S HARD TAE BELIEVE WHEN YE'RE ALL CUIBHRICHTE LIKE A MADDAH, Y'KNOW?

NO MORE. BE YOU FREE NOW.

AND MY OFFER STANDS--

YOU CAN, WITH MY HELP, BE ***KING OF ALL THE PICTS.*** ONLY STOP THE RAIDS.

NO KING IN LIVING MEMORY HAS PROTECTED YOUR PEOPLE'S BELIEFS AS I.

WHAT SAY YOU?

AYE, WELL, I'LL HAVE A WEE THINK ON IT, AYE!

"I HAVE HEARD IT TOLD THAT THE FOUL ***DEOFOL*** AMONGST US DOST BRING DEATH AS LIKE A PLAGUE!

"ALL FALLETH BEFORE HIM!

"THE CREATURE IS AN ***ABOMINATION.***

"AGAINST ALL THAT IS ***HOLY!***"

"IT IS SAID, TOO, THAT HE SLOUGHS OFF HIS SKIN AT NIGHT, AS LIKE THE ***SERPENT*** IN ***OLDE EDEN.***

"REVEALING HIS TRUE ***UNGODLY FORM...***

"...AND BY THE WAN LIGHT OF THE BLOOD MOON HE DOTH FEAST 'PON THE RENT AND TORN FLESH OF GOOD MEN...

"...AND, THEREAFTER, DOTH DESPOIL THEIR ***VIRGIN DAUGHTERS*** WITH ***BEASTLY RUTTING...***"

"...IN ORDER THAT HE SHOULD BREED AN ARMY OF HELLSPAWN CHILDREN, READY TO ENACT HIS EVERY FOUL BIDDING."

THE SAXON ENCAMPMENT, EBBSFLEET, THE ISLE OF THANET

...AND, I AM AFRAID, ***AURELIANUS HIMSELF*** HAS FALLEN PREY TO THIS DEOFOL'S VILE MACHINATIONS, AND IS NOW AN AGENT OF ***EVIL!***

I TELL YOU IN CONFIDENCE, GOOD LORD AND KING HORSA...

I SEE.

AND SO, WHAT WOULD YOU PROPOSE I ***DO,*** FATHER KENTIGERN?

BRITAIN HAS ***UNITED*** UNDER YOUR KING AND THIS... DEOFOL.

CONVERT, GOOD KING!

IF THE SAXONS WANT TO RULE IN BRITANNIA YOU'LL NEED MY HELP, AND THE HELP OF THE ***HOLY CHURCH,*** IN WHO'S GOOD FAVOUR YOU WOULDST THEN SURELY STAND.

AND TAKE YOU ALSO ***LONDINIUM.***

YOU, OF ALL MEN, REMAIN THE ***GREATEST THREAT*** TO AURELIANUS' REIGN!

THE KING BETRAYS HIS PEOPLE WITH THESE NEWFOUND ***PAGAN*** WAYS.

CONVERT I SAY, AND YOU'LL SURELY GAIN THE ***TRUST*** AND ***HEARTS*** OF THE ***GOOD CHRISTIAN FOLK*** OF THESE EMBATTLED LANDS...

"...AND THEREAFTER, YOU'LL SOON SEE HOW THE TIDE DOTH TURN IN YOUR FAVOUR!

"CONVERT!"

ATILIUS IS A GOOD MAN BUT A MOST ***DEDICATED*** CHRISTIAN, AND SO, MY DOUBTS HURT HIM GRAVELY.

I'M LOSING HIM, DANUNNOS...

AS FOR THE PRIEST-HE COURTS POWER FOR ***HIMSELF*** IN THE NAME OF THE CHRIST.

IT IS SUCH HYPOCRISY THAT INFLAMES THE MISGIVINGS I HAVE ABOUT MY FAITH- I AM THANKFUL FOR YOUR OWN EARTHLY WISDOM AND TUTELAGE.

SWEET AURELIANUS–IT IS YOUR UNDERLYING COMPASSION, AND YOUR ASTUTE EYE, THAT MAKES YOU SUCH A ***GREAT*** KING.

TALES OF YOUR DEEDS WILL PASS DOWN THROUGH AGES...

HOLD STRONG, MY LOVE...

"...FOR YOU WALK IN A TIME OF GIANTS!"

REST NOW, FRIENDS.

YOU FOUGHT BRAVELY THIS DAY!

I BELIEVE WE HAVE SENT THE INTENDED MESSAGE TO HIBERNIA, AND FAIR WALES WILL BE SAFE AGAIN FOR A GOODLY TIME TO COME...

LORD ULEGRAVE, THE KING REQUESTS YOU RETURN TO WINCHESTER AT YOUR EARLIEST CONVENIENCE, SIR.

WELL THEN, HE IS IN LUCK, AS WE ARE *DONE* HERE!

DOES HE EVER SLEEP?

NOT EVER. IT'S HIS CURSE.

BUT WE'D RIDE TO HELL AND BACK FOR HIM.

YOU *TRUST* HIM THEN?

IT'S SAID THE KING IS *LOSING HIS FAITH,* TURNING BACK TO THE *OLD WAYS...*

AYE! AND GOOD FOR HIM!

HE GAVE US PROTECTION IN LONDINIUM, AND LATER GAVE US BACK OUR HOMES AND FAMILIES–WHEN THE CHURCH WOULD AS SOON SEE US *DEAD.*

BUT ISN'T HE A EVIL *DEOFOL?*

SUCH THOUGHTS NEED NOT BE VOICED, WHISPER THEM IN ANOTHER VALLEY, NOT HERE...

"...FOR IF ***EVIL*** HE BE, THEN NEVER DID AN EVIL DO SUCH ***GOOD.***

"IF ***DEOFOL*** HE BE, THEN NEVER WAS THERE A MORE ***NOBLE*** ONE.

"SO, DEAR SIR, KEEP SUCH WHISPERS FOR THE WIND."

WINCHESTER

LORD, ERLKING. HERE SO SOON?

GREETINGS, KING AURELIANUS. I RODE NIGHT AND DAY AT YOUR REQUEST.

WHAT DO YOU NEED OF ME?

MY FRIEND– TOGETHER WE DROVE BACK THE PICTS!

NOW I HEAR YOU HAVE SECURED WALES FOR US.

FOR MY PART, I HAVE PUSHED THE SAXONS TO THE FURTHEST EDGES OF THE KINGDOM.

OUR GREAT UNION IS *WORKING.*

BUT FOR HOW LONG?

OH, COME NOW!

LET US MAKE MERRY FOR ONCE!

I KNOW YOU DID NOT CALL ME ALL THE WAY BACK HERE FOR MERE *REVELRY*---

HM.

SO THEN, I SEE I WAS A *FOOL* TO THINK--THAT ALL THAT WE HAVE ACHIEVED MIGHT ENJOIN US TO PARTAKE OFSOME SCANT AND BROTHERLY REWARD!

SO BE IT.

IN TRUTH, I NEED YOU BACK HERE.

IT MAY BE THAT YOU HAVE HEARD *WHISPERS*...

THAT THE KING HAS LOST HIS FAITH? AYE.

AND IS IT TRUE?

IT IS.

AND YOUR DRUIDESS, DANNUNOS, IS SEEN AS THE AGENT OF IT--

-AND, BY PROCURACIE, *YOU* ARE SEEN AS THE *CAUSE* OF IT.

THEN *LIE*.

BE YOU THE CHRISTIAN KING, *AND* THE PAGAN MAN.

I MAY NOT HAVE ANY OTHER REASONABLE CHOICE BUT TO DO SO.

ERLKING!

I'VE MISSED YOU!

AND I, YOU-

MIGHT I STEAL HIM AWAY FROM YOU, MY LORD?

I MUST ATTEND HIS NEEDS.

BE MY GUEST!

AND AGAIN-- WELCOME HOME, GOOD LORD ERLKING.

AND WITH THAT, I BID YOU BOTH ADIEU!

WHAT IS IT YOU *SEEK?*

PEACE.

AND *FORGIVENESS.*

FOR THINGS AS YET UNDONE IN A THOUSAND AGES STILL TO COME...

DRINK.

HM.

YOU SEEM STRONGER. BUT SOMEHOW... *SADDER.*

I'M...FINE, DANUNNOS.

THEN IT IS TIME.

SLEEP YOU NOW, RI, MY KING.

"SLEEP THE SLEEP...

"OF BLESSED...

"OBLIVION..."

"LET THE WORLD ***BURN*** WITHOUT YOU THIS NIGHT. AND MAY YOU KNOW SUCH MEAGRE RESPITE AS I ALONE CAN AFFORD YOU.

"THAT MUCH, AT LEAST, YOU DESERVE.

"LET THE GREAT ALL-MOTHER EMBRACE YOU AND BRING SUCCOR TO YOUR BROKEN FRAME.

"REST, IN PEACE, FOR ALL THAT IS TO COME.

"YOU, WHO HAVE ***SUFFERED*** SO MUCH, WHO ***DIED*** ONLY TO LIVE AGAIN IN AGELESS TORMENT.

"SLEEP, FATHER OF OUR FATHER'S FATHERS..."

TO BE CONTINUED...

SpaWn: The Dark Ages - Glossary

Cuibhrichte – Chained-up, teathered (Scottish Celtic).

Fri – Nose (Bretton Celtic).

Genou – Mouth (Bretton Celtic).

Lagad – Eye (Bretton Celtic).

Maddah – Dog, Mastiff (Scottish Celtic).

Mamm – Mother (Scottish Celtic).

Marv – Death (Scottish Celtic).

Procuracie – Proxy (old English).

Ri – King (Bretton Celtic).

Skouam – Ear (Bretton Celtic).

Teod – Tongue (Bretton Celtic).

SPAWN CROSSOVER *GEIGER*
RECKLESS **EAST OF WEST** **I KILL GIANTS**
THE WALKING DEAD I HATE FAIRYLAND
THE DEPARTMENT OF TRUTH ***SEX CRIMINALS***
KILLADELPHIA
SAVAGE DRAGON BATTLE CHASERS
PRETTY DEADLY **BLACK SCIENCE** THE WICKED + THE DIVINE
MONSTRESS **CHEW** *SWEET PAPRIKA*
GIDEON FALLS
MOONSTRUCK UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY **SKYWARD** OBLIVION SONG
DESCENDER ***PAPER GIRLS*** **THE OLD GUARD**
INVINCIBLE WANTED *BITTER ROOT*
STRAY DOGS WHAT'S THE FURTHEST PLACE FROM HERE **SNOTGIRL**
SAGA *KICK-ASS* **WITCHBLADE** *ISOLA*
INKBLOT
GOD COUNTRY **CRIMINAL** DIE
FIRE POWER *NOCTERRA*
HAPPY! JUPITER'S LEGACY
LITTLE BIRD **RAT QUEENS** **RADIANT BLACK**
ICE CREAM MAN **DECORUM** ***BITCH PLANET***
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SCAN TO VOTE

ELITE EDITION

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